AN ADDRESS TO THE Lyon in the Tower.

THINE only Friend on Earth (*the Hangman*) ſtays
With Halter (*ready Nooz'd*) to end thy Days;
And give ſome Reſpite (to thy *Guilty* Breaſt)
(From Ghoſts) that *Haunt Thee* ſince thou wert i'th' *WEST*.
Thoſe Shades that (ſtabb thee) and diſturb thy ſleep,
When from thy guilty Sheets thou *dar'ſt not* peep,
Nor open *Glaring Eyes*, leſt thou ſhould'ſt *See*
Some of *Thoſe Thouſand Weſtern* GHOSTS; by *Thee*
With *Bloody Mouth* doom'd to *Untimely End*.
GUINEAS (*that ſometimes* would make thee a *Friend*
To thoſe thou *Hated'ſt*;) would not (*then*) ſuffice,
Thy *Cruelty* out-bids thy *Avarice*,
(That Avarice) by which *thou us'd to Steer*,
When on thy *Sullen* Bench at *WESTMINSTER*.
STRANGE! Thou ſhould'ſt derogate *from all thy Tribe*!
Oh, *Ho!* The Broad-Seal was the *Greateſt* Bribe!
Suetonius ſays, that *NERO* (thus) would come
In's Shirt (*New-fled* from Bed) to the *next* Room;
Where *his Guards* watch'd, frighted (*as well as he*)
A *Thing in WHITE*, with Ghaſtly Looks, to ſee;
Hairs *bolt Upright*; a Ghoſt, they *thought it*; for
(*Thus Guiz'd*) they *could not know* their Emperour,
His Viſage was ſo chang'd: Oh *Ghaſtly Sight!*
The Stouteſt YEOMEN of his Guards to *Fright*!
They fled *from It*, thinking it was ſome *DEVIL*,
(Or Helliſh Ghoſt that *Walk'd*; 'twas one as *EVIL*;
As bloody and *as bad all-out* as HE,
As bloody and as bad (*almoſt*) as THEE,
Or the *Third Richard*, th' *beſt* of all you *Three*.
Richard and *Nero* too, (Vile Men!) Did *Slay*
Their *neareſt* Kindred; *This*,——brave *Seneca*;
The other, *Worſe*; but *HE* ordain'd *good LAWS*,
Which thou haſt from *the Groundſell raz'd*; becauſe
The *Tempting BENCHES* brib'd thy Soul; for rather
Than *not come there*, thou would'ſt *have Sold* thy Father:
Nay, (like POPE *Sylveſter*, thou waſt ſo evil)
Both *SOUL and BODY freely* to the Devil.
Methinks I *ſee thee March*. (with Guards) *to th' WEST*,
(With *Bawling Roaring Lyon's Mouth* thou'rt bleſt,)
Gaping and *Foaming*, *Eager to be there*,
To Gorge with Blood *thy Guilty MAW*; for *Here*
Thou *ne'er could'ſt Glutted* be; but *KETCH* may give
Thee *Blood enough*, when thou ſhalt *Ceaſe* to live.
Let *True Repentance Chear* thee when thou *Hangs*;
Oh that *thy Hell on Earth* may end thy *PANGS*!

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